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AN AGREEABLE GUEST

THINGS TO BEAR IN MIND IF A GIRL WOULD BE WELCOME.

There is a Wide Difference in the Way Young Ladies Acquit Themselves in the Role of Visitor—Never Enter Kitchen Unasked.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The young girl who is going away to make a visit of a few days or a few weeks should bear in mind several rules that would serve to make her an agreeable guest. Last year a lady who is an extremely careful housekeeper, and whose manners have a flavor of old-world courtesy, gave a house-party that included a number of friends of her daughter, who was a junior at college. The girls who arrived one afternoon by train, were well dressed, well bred and well educated. Each had behind her the traditions of good birth and careful training, but there was a wide difference in the way they acquitted themselves in the role of guests. One girl, for example, was always late for meals. It happened that the man of the house especially disliked a lack of punctuality at the table, and he was correspondingly annoyed when Estelle roused in morning after morning in a bewitching toilet, when breakfast was nearly finished. Louise, to whom had been given a dainty room furnished in green and white, was so untidy and took so little care of bureau covers, spreads and curtains that her hostess was horrified. She wondered that a daughter of her's should entertain friendship with so heedless a young woman, and she was further disturbed when she found this girl's belongings lying about promiscuously in the drawing-room, the hall and the porch, with not a thought of order or fitness.

Another girl who fancied herself a brilliant conversationalist, had an unfortunate habit of seizing the word on all occasions and of monopolizing the talk so that no one else had a chance to be heard.

For more than we think we reveal ourselves unconsciously, by looks, speech and deportment, when we are away from home. Whoever would be an agreeable guest must as soon as possible find out and conform to the ordinary ways of the household into whose privacy she is admitted. If there is an opportunity to save her hostess trouble she must not overlook it, yet there are guests whose determination to be useful verges on the officious and intrusive. It is as well to remain in one's room in the morning until breakfast is ready, or if one goes for an early walk or finds a seat on the porch, let one stay away from the living room and other parts of the house that are not yet in order for the day.

A certain young woman who violated this rule and established herself at ease in an upper hallway in a window seat commanding a beautiful view, was intensely mortified when by accident she discovered that she had prevented several members of the family from taking their morning plunge in the bath room in their usual comfort.

Never visit a kitchen unasked and never venture into any part of the house in which you have no concern. Arrive at the time you are expected and take your leave on the day and at the hour when it was understood that your visit would terminate. If here are old people or children in the family where you are a visitor, be it pains to give them some of your attention. Try not to monopolize grandmother's chair and do not show yourself bored by the baby. If you are musical and are asked to play the piano, do not wait to be urged.

Lady Troubridge tells an excellent anecdote about a guest who was staying at a certain ducal mansion.

Economy was the ruling passion of the host and hostess, and it was impossible for any of those who were staying in the house to obtain any oils for their bedrooms. One of the guests, remembering his discomfort on a previous occasion, owing to a lack of warmth in the sleeping room, brought an extra portmanteau filled with coal and wood! Unfortunately the bag burst open as it was being carried upstairs, and the contents came hurtling out, and clattered down the staircase. Needless to say, the guest did not receive another invitation to the house!

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Women with good complexions cannot be bronchy. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. Every horseman knows that the satin coat of his thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition. Let the horse get "off his feed" and his coat turns dull. Caring, brushing and rubbing will give him a clean coat, but cannot produce the coveted smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The ladies will see the point.

Lane's Family Medicine

Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skins as painters love to copy. At druggists', 25c.

NEW FIELDS TO CONQUER.

Some of the Greatest Snow Mountains in the World Are in the U. S.

The fact is not generally known that some of the most imposing snow mountains in the world lie within the limits of the United States, says William Williams in Scribner's Magazine. I refer to the great peaks of Alaska, at least one of which, Mt. McKinley, is over 20,000 feet high, while Mt. St. Elias is over 18,000 feet and, being situated within 25 miles of the coast, can be seen in its entire height from the deck of a vessel.

Other magnificent peaks, as Mt. Fairweather and Mt. Crillon, lie very close to the shore, and since the line of perpetual snow in these northerly latitudes is at 3,000 feet or even less (in the case of Mt. St. Elias it is virtually at the water's edge, for the base of the mountain is surrounded by vast glaciers which flow down to the sea), continuous snow and ice surfaces may there be seen rising from 15,000 to 18,000 feet above the spectator. I think I am not mistaken in saying that few, if any, such sights can be witnessed in any other part of the world.

Mountaineering expeditions to these Alaskan peaks are very interesting, but at the same time very laborious, not because of unusually stiff rock or snow work—neither is probably as difficult as that encountered in the Alps—but largely because they are situated in a wild, unexplored country at great distances from any proper base of supplies, so that before their ascent can be even attempted much time and effort must be expended in the solution of various perplexing problems not pertaining to climbing proper. And this I understand to be also true in a general way of mountaineering in the Himalayas, the Andes and the Caucasus.

All of these great ranges still offer what the Alps no longer can—new fields to conquer. These have unquestionably a fascination peculiar to themselves, and every one fond of climbing who is in a position to do so should go in search of them. To a certain extent the absence of such new fields may be said to detract from the pleasure of mountaineering in the Alps.

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The Condor's Individuality.

W had the best chance of studying the colors of the condor head. The bill was horn color and the red skin of the head extended down, covering it about half way. The legs were tan, but on each knee was a patch of red. On the breast of each bird the skin was blood red, and could be seen occasionally when the broad feathers were spread and the birds were preening. Both had light-colored wing bars, and the primaries were well worn. The skin on the throat hung loose, and the lower mandible fitted close under the upper. The chin was orange-red, and below this on the neck was a strip of greenish yellow, merging into the orange about the sides and back of the neck. The top and front of the head were red, but between the eyes was a small patch of black feathers, and these extended down in front of the eye into the orange-red of the cheek. The pupil of the eye was black, but the iris was deep red and conspicuous. The bald and wrinkled pate, flabby jowls, with the caved-in expression of a toothless old woman—these helped to make up the condor's individuality.—Century.

An Unhappy Message.

Steward (to Seaside Passenger)—There's a wireless message just come for you, sir.

Unhappy Passenger—R-read it to me, p-please.

Steward—Yes, sir. It seems to be from your wife, sir.

"Wh-what does she say?"

"Yes, sir. 'All well at home. We are having your favorite dish, roast pork, for supper.'"

"Ro-roast pork! Wow-wow-wow—take it away! Roast po-po-po—take it away, quick—quick!"

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE NIGHT RIDERS AIDED KENTUCKY

Original Organization D'd Away with Toll Gates and Brought About Good Roads.

COMPANIES DISOBEYED THE LAW

Crimes Committed Now Are by Gangs Hiding Behind Name of Old Association Which Caused the Abolishment of the Turnpike Companies.

Louisville, Ky.—There has not been, it is said, a crime of mob violence committed in this State, in Tennessee, or, in fact, in any of the Southern States or in any of the Middle Western States in the past several years, with the exception of the occasional lynching of a negro by a mob, that has not been shouldered on the Night Riders.

The Night Riders were an organized body back in 1900, when the State Legislature passed a law doing away with private ownership of State roads. For months the turnpike corporations refused to obey the State laws. They appealed to the State Supreme Court, then to the Court of Appeals, and lastly to the United States Supreme Court, and on each appeal they would get a stay, which made it possible for them to continue running their toll gates and charging two cents a mile for every horse or vehicle that passed over their property.

Because of the law's delay the condition of the roads became impassable. The owners of the turnpikes would not expend one cent for improvements as long as there was question of their losing their property by a final court decision, but they did not cease to mulct travelers. All this while they refused to accept the fair price offered by the State for their roads.

It was then that the Night Riders were organized. The organization spread from Shelby County to every part of the State, and one night in the late fall men rode from their homes and began burning toll gates. There is no record of a toll gate keeper being injured unless he showed resistance. Then he was taken from the house, and if he continued to be defiant he was flogged. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the toll gate keeper was glad to give up his job and let the gate burn.

Night Riders undoubtedly brought the turnpike corporations to terms. There was not a toll gate left standing in the State of Kentucky by the following spring. Had the taxpayers and farmers been contented to allow the law to take its never ending course the chances are that toll gates would still be holding up travelers on the State roads to-day, and that the roads would have been worse now than they were when the Night Riders became organized.

The Kentucky roads now are among the best in the United States. There are not millions of dollars of watered stock on which to pay interest, and the State tax has improved them and even made it possible for almost all of them to be sprinkled with oil during the summer season, thus laying the dust.

The success of the Night Riders in the war against toll gates led to an organization of a similar character when the fight was waged against the American Tobacco Company. But out of this last organization there grew a body of violent men, who live on excitement and thrive on lawlessness. Then sprang up, too lawless bodies of men in many of the Southern and Middle Western States, who chose to call themselves Night Riders, though the probabilities are that 99 per cent. of the men didn't own so much as a horse to ride.

If a list of the original body of Night Riders could be had the chances are that the names of many men who figured in the operations of the old Ku-Klux gang would be found, and if this list were sifted down it would show that many property-owners and men of prominence had resorted to violence because of their belief that action was their only safeguard against ruin, and that a defiance of law had to be met by a like defiance.

Psyche Knot a Life Saver.

Altoona, Pa.—Having washed and dried her hair, Mary Housner, aged twenty-two, did it up in a Psyche knot and walked out on the front porch. While she leaned against the railing it gave way and she was precipitated backward, head first, ten feet to the sidewalk, alighting on her head. The coilure broke the impact of her head against the flagstones, but she did not entirely escape injury.

She suffered a slight concussion of the brain, but recovered consciousness a few hours later.

Old Age Common in Rochefort.

Paris, France.—Rochefort seems to be a great town for longevity. Investigation of the records reveals the fact that during the last century from January 1, 1801, to December 31, 1900, 144 persons in Rochefort attained the age of 90 or over. Two of these were centenarians, one reaching the age of 103, and the other dying at 106.

THE COREAN CLOAK

A Former King Decried That The Women Wear It as a Mark of Honor.

The dress of the Korean woman is very quaint. Long voluminous white cotton dresses reaching to the ankles, snow baggy trousers underneath which, ending in slippers with up turned toes, give them somewhat the appearance of Turkish women. Over the head is thrown a long cloak generally green, fastened under the neck the sleeves, through which the arms are never passed, hanging down over the shoulders. By this cloak hangs a tale, historical and interesting.

Once upon a time a King of Korea invited the officers of his army to a banquet in the palace of Seoul, it complete ignorance that a military conspiracy aimed at his throne and life, was afoot. The conspirators, who were among the guests, resolved to seize their opportunity to murder the king during the progress of the banquet. On entering the palace the officers deposited their large military cloaks in an ante-chamber and took their places in the hall where the feast was spread, waiting only a signal to fall on and slay their hosts.

But a number of the women of Seoul had become acquainted with the conspiracy. Loyal to their monarch and unable to warn him in time they went in a body to the palace and gained admittance into the ante-chamber. Seizing the officers' cloaks, they entered the banquet hall unobserved; some stealing noiselessly up behind the officers as they sat at the feast, flung the cloaks over their heads and pinioned them in the folds, while others ran to the bewildered king, hurriedly warned him of the plot, and spirited him safely away before the baffled conspirators could release themselves from the grasp of their brave captors. In token of his gratitude to his loyal female subjects, the king decreed that in future the Korean women should wear the military cloak thrown over their heads as a mark of honor.—Capt Casserly in Macmillan's Magazine.

A Novelty Dressing Sacque.

A dressing sacque in which one has real comfort is this one made out of a square.

It is very simple and therein lies the secret of its charm.

Made from a Persian scarf of some



It is, of course, better to have something with a border around it as that gives a finish and makes it little or no trouble to arrange.

The way to make it is to take a square of whatever material or scarf you wish to use. About a yard on each edge is large enough—fold it so that you find the center and just a little to one side of that cut a hole about the size of your neck.

From here to one corner cut in a straight line.

When this is hemmed and a ribbon or cord run in at the neck the garment is made.

For hot summer days this is a delightfully cool negligee.

Veteran Postwoman of England.

Overton, in Hampshire, England, boasts a character in the person of Mrs. Jane Wort. She has served the local postoffice twenty years of the time as letter carrier, during which period she has possibly created a record for her sex.

The district is somewhat remote and Jane's "round" has been fifteen miles a day, winter and summer alike. When the postoffice verified this fact they granted her a raise. But at the present time Mrs. Wort, who is in her seventy-fifth year, is the recipient of the princely wage of six shillings and six pence a week. There are those who believe that her service will entitle her to a pension on retirement, but the postoffice is reported to think otherwise.

Care of Children's Hair.

Mothers should teach their girls to care for their hair as early as possible. If a girl is coaxed into the habit of giving her locks a hundred strokes with a clean brush every morning and evening and braiding them loosely for bed, the foundation for a future beautiful head of hair will be laid. Too many children are allowed to go to bed with their hair in a tangled condition, only to have it jerked and tangled hastily when school time comes round. Such a practice is disastrous to the nerves of a sensitive child and ruinous to the hair, says Woman's Life. Never allow one child to use the other's hair brush. Dis-eases of the scalp are most contagious and the brush is the surest germ agent.

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HAS A RABBIT PLAGUE.

Bold Cottontails Destroy Crops on California Ranches.

San Francisco, Cal.—Jack rabbits are said to be so numerous in the Antelope valley of California that the ranchmen are in despair. The animals are becoming so fierce that they are actually breaking down the fences around the adjacent fields and eating crops down to the roots. Not content with this, they are swarming into the desert towns and invading front yards of the dwellers. Citizens of Lancaster turned out recently and made a round-up. They put up a fence across the road between fences surrounding fields on each side and in short time drove in and killed with clubs five hundred jack rabbits.

EAGLE KILLS A SHARK.

Ship's Crew Witness Desperate Fight in Chesapeake Bay.

Baltimore.—A remarkable combat between a large eagle and a shark was witnessed recently by Captain Henderson and the crew of the steamer Tangier in Chesapeake Bay. When coming out of Occoquan Creek they saw the eagle dive and come to the surface with a shark. Then followed a fierce struggle, the shark pulling the eagle under the water until it was almost exhausted. The fish was finally killed and floated dead on the water.

Aerial Topography.

This is not such a contradiction in terms as it may seem. Recent exploration of the air has revealed an astonishing definiteness of arrangements in its layers, although of course, the details are continually changing. Recently, Capt. C. H. Lejeune, in England, has directed his studies of floating balloons to a solution of the question of the influence of the topography of the earth's surface on the state of the air above it. He finds, among other things, that the disturbances produced by hills and valleys are transmitted to an unexpectedly great elevation affecting the lower and middle strata throughout. A general effect noticed is that the velocity of the wind, or a current of air, is increased over a hill and diminished over a valley. He thinks that similar observations, generally distributed, would furnish us with a real topography of the air.—Youth's Companion.

AWAITED DEATH IN DESERT.

Body of B. T. Pratt, Dead from Hunger and Thirst, Found in California.

Los Angeles, Cal.—"Water, if I could only find water! I'm suffering terribly from hunger. To-day I ate some green brush, but I can't go any more. I wonder how long it will take to die."

These entries in the notebook of B. T. Pratt, whose body was found on the desert in Inyo county by two prospectors, give pathetic evidence of the suffering the man underwent as he watched the approach of death far from human habitation. The diary also was found by G. W. Lewis and S. E. Shattuck, the prospectors while on a trip through the Argus Mountains in Inyo county. Pratt had been dead nearly two months. He was evidently trying to reach the mountains, where he knew he would find food of a sort and water in abundance, but within sight of his refuge he gave out and could go no further. Pratt was sixty years old. The entries in the notebook were scribbled and began only when the man found he was in danger of dying.

"Food gave out to-day; guess I can make Argus," was the entry for August 3, seven days after he had started to cross the desert. "Water gone," told the story of the following day.

For one whole day he went without water or food, but maintained an optimistic spirit, as is witnessed by the following entry for August 6:

"Signs of water about half mile ahead. There will be green stuff there too. Will reach it early in the morning." But evidently the desert was playing tricks on him, as it so often does by means of a mirage. Two days later came the two entries quoted first. The last entry reads:

"I left Grapeville, Inyo county, Cal., July 28. Tom Spratt told me I would perish. I thought I could make it, but got lost, so guess I will have to give in. I have no water, nothing to eat and can't walk. I have brothers, C. H. Pratt, at Banner Springs, Wyandotte county, Kan.; E. B. Pratt, in St. Louis, and W. R. Pratt, Custer county, Wyoming."

The First Fish Story.

A small dog belonging to A. E. Case of Dayton, Wyo., was dragged into Tongue river by a trout and drowned. The dog accompanied Case's little son on a fishing trip. The boy hooked a fish large enough to jerk the cane pole into the water. He sent the dog after it, but the trout hauled the dog and pole about until the dog was carried down the rapids and drowned in sight of his master. The boy recovered the pole and after a hard struggle landed the trout which weighed four pounds.

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